L Bigelow

The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME

BY H. B. STACY. BURLINGTON, VERMONT, FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1845. VOL. XVIII....No. 41

THE SPREE—A PARODY.

'Twas on a cool, a glorious night,
A winter's eve—the moon shone bright;
A Senior said, "I'll have a spree,
Whate'er the consequence may be"—
Excelsior.

He sauntered out—old Dorp was still—
No one was stirring on the hill;
He looked—'Be gar,' said he, 'I'll go it,
For sure I am old Prex won't know it.'—
Excelsior.

Alhambra's halls, though late, were light—
Before its doors on post upright,
A thing was seen, with letters red,
That told of something 'not so dead'—
'Stewed Oysters.'

The Senior enters—calls for punch—
To keep his balance takes a lunch;
He swigs away—he gets quite slewed;
But yet he swears he'll take the brewed
At Oude's.

So soon he takes his parting swill,
And starts, quite cocked, to reach the hill;
His eyes stuck out like onions peeled—
'I'm gay'! he cried, as out he reeled—
Excelsior!

He clears the steps—but what's to pay?
'I guess he cannot walk,' you say;
He swears he will, so turns around,
But och! forthwith salutes the ground
Posterior.

He gains his legs and starts again—
From Pearl street turns to Maiden Lane;
He feels quite 'dusty'—can't tell why;
But every echo makes reply—
Excelsior!

He staggers on through College street,
And entering Oude's, rouses Pete;
'Hallo! what's wanting?' Peter cried;
A voice half choked with beer replied
Excelsior.

Before his door now stood Judge Dunk;
He thought he heard somebody drunk;
'Beware,' he cried, 'beware, old Pog!'
A voice replied as from a jug—
Excelsior.

But mark with me this 'covey' now,
No doubt you think he's somewhat 'fou';
Yet up the hill he finds his way
And section steps—he cries 'Hurra'—
Excelsior.

Still one more height he mounts to bed,
An' slowly covers up his head;
But ere he sleeps or gives a snore,
That jug like sound comes out once more—
Excelsior.

'Twas late next morn—long after prayers,
When pious Pat with broom appears—
The bed clothes heaved, out stuck a nose—
A voice as from the tomb arose—
Deterior.

Some time it was not far from that,
By some one 'twas—I won't say Pat,
The story, as the fact appears,
Directly came to Prex's ears.
Atrociter.

The Senior's sent for—that's a 'bore'—
He feels Excelsior no more;
'Has Prex been told that I was high?
What then? I'll 'quell' him with a lie!'
Felicior.

'My son,' says Prex, 'I hear you drink,
But then you're a good boy I think,';
The Senior made an 'awful pause,'
But finally confessed he was
Excelsior!
Cui Pei.

Union College, March 4, 1845.

From the United States Magazine.

A RECORD OF INDIAN WARFARE.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Some few years previous to my visit to the new republic of Texas, a small tribe of Wacco Indians had descended from their usual haunts to seek a new hunting ground, and avoid the attacks of their enemies, the Comanches, with whom they had long had a deadly feud. With great taste and judgment the Waccos had selected the junction of a small stream with Dickenson's Bayou, Galveston county, Texas, for the site of their encampment, it having the double advantage of being picturesquely situated, and also easily defended, as well as that it insured them a constant supply of good water, and lay close to the high road from Galveston to Houston, by way of Virginia Point. The district being very thinly peopled, vast herds of deer and buffalo abounded in the woods and prairies, especially near the rivers, where they could conveniently water. The Waccos being, as they said, informed by dreams that in these parts the greatest plenty of game was to be found, and wishing also to be near the settlements of the white men, with whom they desired to trade for blankets, liquor, &c., built a small village towards the head of Dick's Creek, and resided there for some time. The serious effect, however, usually attendant on the establishment of an Indian camp on a hunting ground, soon became evident, here as in other places, and game began to grow scarce. The activity and perseverance of the aborigines in the pursuit of game is not easily damped. They are equally sagacious in finding their prey and in the means they use to destroy it—They can discern the footsteps of the beasts they are in chase of, although imperceptible to every other eye, and can follow them with certainty through the pathless forest. They generally go to hunt fasting—a word which they do not understand in the European sense of eating unusual dainties on a particular day, but actually as signifying not to eat at all—and are, it will readily be believed, only the more eager after their prey, neither thickets, ditches, torrents, pools, nor rivers, stopping them. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, if buffalo and deer gradually do disappear from around; in addition to which, the white men settling themselves on the border of the river, certain disagreeables arose, which induced the Waccos the more rapidly to change their residence, and take up their domicile in some more favored spot, where the animals, which afford them alike food, clothing and amusement, were to be found in greater plenty. The Indians, on breaking up their camp, for reasons hereafter to be explained, did not destroy their houses.

As you approach the sources of Dickenson's Bayou, a small creek bordered on each side by a narrow strip of forest, falls into the former river, leaving between the two a small triangular prairie. To this spot, where the deserted Indian village stood, I took my way when hunting in that part of the country, in order to enjoy the pleasure of being for a brief space within the wigwams of the red men. Crossing Tod's Creek (a limpid pure stream, which supplied the log hut in which I resided with water) by a natural bridge, I sauntered along the narrow path through a pine grove, and soon reached the open prairie. The morning was exquisitely lovely; already (it was March) the prairie sent forth delicious odors from numerous varieties of of wild flowers, the air was filled with sweet perfume, the dew-drops sparkled yet from the trees, while thousands of beccaficoes, or rice birds, and the elegant red bird, flew around me, mingling their notes with others even more harmonious. A bracing walk of two miles brought me suddenly upon one of those lovely spots which forcibly remind one of minor Swiss and Italian scenery. By skirting the edge of the timber, I had reached the banks of Dickenson's Creek, at a spot where one of its tributaries fell in and swelled its waters. The river here ran in a narrow channel, some twenty feet below the surface of the prairie; not so the tributary bayou, which, taking its rise some few miles distant in the plain, and being much enlarged by recent rains, came tumbling from a height of fifteen feet into the water below. Across the cascade hung the boughs of several bushy trees, and immediately at the edge of the water, thrown across in the form of a bridge, was a huge pine log, placed there, no doubt, by the Indians who formerly inhabited these districts. Knowing that the deserted village lay on the other side, and impatient to gaze even upon the remnants of anything Indian, I prepared to cross the stream. Slinging my gun behind me, so as to leave both hands free, and aiding myself by the branches which hung overhead, I commenced my ascent; for, be it known, the bank of the stream on which I stood was some feet lower than that which I wished to gain.—The length of the pine was about thirty feet, and though the gulf beneath me had not the sublimity of Niagara, or even of the St. Anthony Falls, yet there was a sufficient vacuum between myself and solid ground to render the idea of a fall altogether unpleasant. Creeping, therefore, most cautiously along it, I had almost gained the terminus, when my eager eyes caught sight of the Indian encampment, and I paused, even in this position, to gaze upon the scene.

Surrounded on all sides save the entrance, by a rude species of stockade, and seated upon a gentle slope, appeared some twenty or five and twenty Wacco huts, arranged round a square, the entrances all opening toward the centre. In shape they forcibly reminded me of a beehive; but in their silence and desolation they nowise resembled the habitations of these busy creatures. Facing the bridge, at the contrary extremity of the village stood what I took to be the chief's wigwam, or, perhaps, the general council-chamber. Having stood some minutes in silent contemplation, I cautiously quitted the log, and advancing a few yards, stood amid the dwelling places of that primitive people, whom both history and fiction have invested with a halo of romance, and proceeded to examine the mode in which the huts were built, and entered for that purpose the most perfect-looking I could see in the encampment. Six or eight poles of some pliable wood—willow, I believe—had been cut in the neighboring forest, which were fixed firmly in the ground, and bent until they met in an arch overhead, when they were firmly lashed together, leaving a room about eight or ten feet square, and proportionally high; some, however, were larger, according, I suppose, to the exigencies of the family for whom they were constructed. Other thinner and more pliable switches being passed round the hut, a species of matting of plaited rushes, found in abundance along the water edge, was laid over this, in addition to the bark of birch and other trees, which was carefully laid on the roof and fastened by pegs. Over all this, when the camp was inhabited, they placed deer and buffalo skins; but these, of course, had been removed by them, as far too valuable to be left behind—skins, furs, and venison hams being their articles of commerce with the whites. The wigwams were utterly devoid of chimneys or windows, all cooking being performed in the open air, and light being admitted at the entrance, which was not embarrassed by anything in the the shape of a door. The council-chamber bore evident marks of advancement in the art of building since the introduction of European tools; for it was formed of square posts, fastened firmly in the ground, and with others placed transversely, on which the matting, and then the bark, had been secured with a regularity, taste and care which I could not sufficiently admire. The sides were, to a certain height, formed of mud, moulded into a wall, and the remaining portions, of the same nature as the smaller tents. Its length was about thirty feet, its breadth fifteen, and, as on a subsequent occasion, I had reason to know, afforded an excellent substitute for a hotel, when I encamped three days in it with a party of hunters. In the centre were evident signs that there a fire had often been made, round which doubtless many a pipe had been smoked, and many a big talk held. The roof, in which was a small aperture, gave confirmatory evidence. Not a remnant remained of furniture or household utensils of any kind, nor any sign, save the buildings, that the foot of man ever trod the spot; for grass and weeds overran it on all sides, and doubtless the deer and other game often took shelter in the houses of their most destructive enemy. In fact, at my entrance within the interior of the stockade, my ears were attracted by the rushing sound of numerous rabbits making their escape.

The scene from the threshold of the council-chamber was sufficiently picturesque. On each side of a gentle slope, in a semi-circular row were the indian huts, reminding one, combined with the silence which reigned around, of the tombs of the dead, to which they certainly bore much resemblance; beyond was the picturesque waterfall, the little stream skirted by the thick trees and almost impenetrable underwood; while on my left was the river and a heavy timber, the stately trees of which were gently shaken by the light breeze. The solitary charm of the scene was broken only by the murmuring of the water-fall, or the chirping of the feathered songsters which flew about in thousands in the warm sun. Several beaten tracks marked the way by which hunting parties were in the habit of starting on their expeditions to scour wood and wilds, plain and forest, hill and dale, for the game which constituted their almost only nourishment. In the rear of the camp were certain small fields, which yet retained the stalk of the maize, and very likely sweet potatoes had been also planted by women, who in almost all primitive states of existence appear to be the sole cultivators of the soil. That which, however, would have made the scene complete—the presence of the owners—was wanting; and, after some hours spent in roaming thro' the desolate village, and speculating on what had been there enacted, I once more crossed the pine log, and pondering on the destinies of the red man, returned with slow steps to Todville. By diligent inquiry, and careful cross-examination of various parties, I at length learnt the rights of the story connected with the desertion of the Wacco village; and, as it is a little singular instance of the eventful nature of border life, we here the tale unfold.

THE SHINGLE FAMILY.

One of the earliest settlers in Galveston county, under Gen. Austin, was Jeremiah Shingle, his wife, daughter, and grown up son. Now the male Shingles were a desperate set; could hit a cent at a hundred and fifty paces, wield an American axe of the most huge calibre, and lay a tree, a nigger or an Indian low in "almost half less than no time." They were citizens of the free and enlightened republic, which boasts itself the smartest nation in all creation, and, like most Yankees transplanted from their native localities to the rank soil of Texas, were lazy, reckless and rude beyond the conception of anything European. They disclaimed the culture of the fertile earth, thousands of acres of which they owned, and after erecting a miserable shanty, in which more wood was expended than would have sufficed to build a hotel of the first magnitude, the father and son shouldered their rifles, with which wandering in the woods, they laid low as much game as sufficed to keep the family in food, clothing and powder, and, above all, the real Monongahela whiskey. Old Jerry Shingle was a thorough toper, and yet he carried it well withal, at five-and-fifty being hearty and hale as many a man of forty. His son Ezekiel, or, as he was commonly called, Zick, unfortunately added to all these characteristics that of being an arrant bully. Secure in his rifle, bowie-knife, and huge stature, he scorned the most distant attempt at courtesy of manner. It will readily, therefore, be believed, that in a new country, where women were scarce, it was not very easy for Zick to find a partner. Now young Shingle's highest ambition was a log hut of his own; but as he could not raise the money to by a nigger help, who would wash, bake and brew, a wife was an indispensable requisite to begin housekeeping. Years, however, passed, and Zick found not his mate. His sister, too, was unmarried, from no fault of her own, however, but from the dislike all the neighbors entertained of having Zick for a brother-in-law.

At length the Indians located themselves in the spot above described. The consequence was a great increase in the difficulty of procuring game. The Shingles, therefore, hated the Waccos, whom on the principle ever actuating their class, they looked upon, despite their natural right, as interlopers. Both old Shingle and Zick had henceforth to go farther and fare worse. That is, to procure game they had to scour new regions, and, being lazy, their family was forced to be content with a less ample supply of provisions. A deadly hatred was, therefore, nourished in secret against the Waccos, whom, however, they blinded to their dislike by an outward show of friendship, waited until a favorable opportunity should offer itself for wreaking their vengeance upon their innocent foes. Suddenly, however, a change came over the spirit of Zick. Among the maidens who dwelt within the wigwams of their enemies was one who once seen was not easily forgotten.—Peoria was the daughter of a great chief, and destined to be the bride of one equal in renown. This girl Zick, having once set eyes upon, determined should become his squaw, and lost no opportunity of pushing himself into her good graces. Henceforth he was ever within the Wacco inclosure, joined in their hunting parties, smoked the pipe in the council hall, ventured a compliment to the girls; and, in fact, became a regular spy upon the movements of the Indian girl. A white wife and a black help being equally unattainable, a red-skin squaw was decided upon.

Early one morning Zick tracked his mistress to a grove near the village, round which the hunter lingered until Peoria had had time to perform her matutinal ablutions, when hearing her light step about to leave the shelter and seek the camp, he advanced into the thicket and stood motionless before her. Leaning on his long rifle, and taking also the precaution of supporting his back against a tree, Zick looked the maiden full in the face. Both were silent for a few minutes; the girl was the first to speak in her own tongue.

'What does Long-Rifle want with a red-skin girl?'

'Long-Rifle thinks the Forest-Rose more beautiful than ——' Zick was at a loss for a similie, but he looked unutterable things.

The girl laughed, and said, 'My white brother is very tall, but his words are few.'

'Well, I jist aran't the chap for a long lockrum,' replied the hunter, relapsing into his own rich lingo, 'it goes considerable ag'n the grain; but for shootin' or treein' a 'coon, or sich like matters, I'm a Yankee, that's all, and they 're ginerally allowed to stump the universe in thim things.'

'Long-Rifle can shoot—his eye is very quick,' replied the girl emphatically, the matter being one ever held among her people of the highest importance.

'Well, I aran't available of any in these parts can chaw me up; or if he be does, must be a knowin' old shaver, and rise considerable airly of a mornin'; but that aran't the chap just now. Long-Rifle can wipe it up considerable hard, you may depend; but Forest-Rose, do you see—I must blart it out—my wigwam is empty, I want a squaw, a wife, and I can't altogether say that I've seen any one that comes up to my cipher afore ——'. Here Zick stopped.

'Long-Rifle was speaking,' replied the girl quietly.

'Well, I tell you what, Peoria, or Red Rose, don't get my dander up; I feel most particularly ugly, I do. Don't you cipher me. Skin is skin, whether it be white or black, red or pink, and, do you see, if you will just take half my wigwam, and it shall be the warmest in these parts, that's a fact. I'm about a right up an' down hunter, a real first chop of a feller" and can shoot more deer, trap more turkeys, and send a ball farther than a'most or many about these diggens.'

'My brother's skin is white, but his heart is red; the skin of Peoria is red, and her heart is very red. A brave waits for the Forest-Rose; he hears her voice, and it is very sweet!'

'Well, I tell you what, girl, you make me feel ugly—but we'll settle this in tu tus.—Jumping Jim——'

'The Leaping Panther,' interposed the girl proudly.

'Well, I do feel ryled and kinder sore, that's a fact. What's in his name? I know he's a'most an almighty villian, and he'd better clear out next hitch.'

'The Leaping Panther is a great warrior.'

'Well, I reckon he's pretty considerable smart, but that's nothin' I say, Peoria, my wigwam is empty, I want a squaw, I take a fancy to you, and the Red-Rose comes with me.'

With these words, the young man caught the Indian girl in his arms, threw her on his brawny shoulder, and carrying his silent victim as if she had been a child, turned for his rifle, which, while speaking, he had leaned against a tree. In its place stood the Leaping Panther, his eyes flashing fire, his deer-skin wrapper thrown back, his tomahawk loose, and his hands holding the rifle of the now helpless hunter.

'My white brother is very good,' said the Indian, scornfully, 'but the Forest-Rose has long feet; she can walk.'

'A pretty prime superfine scoundrel,' muttered the discomfited Zick, and then he added aloud, 'you have the vantige, Indian, you may depend, and it looks wickedly ugly for me. What chop shall we make? You keep the rifle—it's an up-hill one—and I'll keep the gal.'

'The Leaping Panther has many medicine guns, but he has no squaw. The Forest-Rose [illegible]'

'It's an eternal pity, [illegible] Zick,—he's got his dander up, and to [illegible]—I can't catch him no how. Ingian, give me the gun—her's the gal. I reckon we won't quarrel for nothing.'

'The white man's life is in my hands,' said the Indian, proudly, 'but he has smoked in the wigwam of my fathers. Go! There are two paths, one of peace, one of war.—The war-path leads to the big wigwam—when the great light goes to rest, the wampum belt will be with the pale faces.'

Zick took his rifle, which the Indian had first discharged, and the odds being still against him, suffered both Leaping Panther and Peoria to disappear.

'A rigilar ugly customer that, you may depend, and a pretty kettle of fish I have got to cook, I conclude. Well, I must be active; thim Ingians 'all be a'ter scalping every soul of us afore long. Once they begin, they hold on most especial fast, you may depend.'

Zick was right. Once the Waccos had a quarrel with one white man, there was very little doubt that it would spread to all around. Aware that his neighbors were all burning for an excuse to attack the Indians, Zick hurried home, told old Shingle to get his horse out and start one way, while he caught a grey old mustang, and dashed on to Austinia, where he knew a dozen men could be raised in an hour for any wild harum-scarum purpose whatever. The recent retreat of Santa Anna, and the dispersion of the Texan volunteers, had spread over the land a host of wild and untameable spirits to whom fighting, especially with Indians, was a perfect treat.

III.—THE FIGHT.

That same afternoon old Shingle's lot-hut presented a more animated and bustling appearance than it had shown many a day.—While every chink and fissure had been stopped up to prevent the light from giving the Indians a mark from without, a roaring fire had been set on foot, round which sat in conclave sixteen men, armed to the teeth, and presenting the appearance of rude bush-fighting heroes of the first water. The last had just entered, and the number was complete. Each man had his rifle, powder-horn, and bowie-knife, and not one but seemed able to use these articles. Zick recapitulated the causes for warfare, of course making out a most especial good case for himself—Still many had their doubts as to the wisdom of attacking the Waccos, and making enemies of a numerous tribe, unless it could be clearly made evident that they intended themselves to break the peace. The majority sided to this view, and accordingly some hour and a half previously, a young, but active and shrewd leather-stocking had been despatched to spy out the intentions of the supposed enemy. His return was waited for with impatience, as it was considered desirable to attack the Waccos, should it be so decided, before sundown.

'I conclude Stevens (the spy was so called) has got into some almighty fix,' observed Zick. 'He must be a plagy sight quicker nor I think him, if we sot eyes on him agin.'

'By Jacquers, man alive," said a Kentuckian hero, who was intent upon moulding small rifle balls, about the size of peas, 'Stevens 'ad bang you in tu tus in outwitten them Ingian varmint. He's pretty prime superfine whin he's about it—and here he is!'

A hurried sound of footsteps was heard, a banging at the door, and in fled Josiah Stevens, his rifle in his hand, his hair streaming behind, and his face flashed with running.

'A pretty close shave I've had,' said Josiah, as soon as he had recovered his breath. 'I war nigh losing my scalp, and that's a fact.'

'What is it then, Steve?' inquired old Shingle, 'I conclude war.'

'War! aye to the knife—and a pretty considerable long knife, too. I've shot one of the varmint, and here's as close a shave as ever you seed,' continued he, raising his arm, and exhibiting the track of a ball along his side, which had, however, torn his hunting shirt, without wounding him in the slightest degree.

The door of the log-hut was now pushed violently open, and a bundle thrown into the middle of the room. Before, however, the messenger could be seen, he had plunged into a thicket, which came up close to the house. Next minute a dense volume of smoke and flame from the little barn containing the family supply of Indian corn, told how quick and terrible was the hand of Indian vengeance. Not a soul stirred to put it out, old Shingle having made a sign for no one to move.

'The women are safe off,' cried he, 'and the old house may go. Wood's almighty plenty, and whin the job's over, we can have a proper raft of you folk to set us a-going. Let's look at the bundle, and then a'ter the Ingians.'

The bundle proved to be a dozen of arrows tied up with wampum, a signal of deadly war, not for an instant to be mistaken by the experienced borderers and woodsmen who composed the present daring band. Instantly the party was divided into two companies, that of eight led by old Shingle himself, and that of seven by Zick. The first, it was decided should cross Dick's Creek, and, following the right bank, attack the Indians, whom Stevens reported as intrenched in their village, in the rear, while Zick and his party should make an effort to cross the bridge over the little stream before mentioned. By this time the house itself was on fire, old Shingle grimly smiling, though none but Zick knew the real reason of his coolness and self-complacency. The truth was, the log hut of the Shingles was wonderful out of repair, and a new building, erected by the joint effort of the assembled party, was a very desirable prospect. While, therefore, the others admired the coolness and self-possession of the old hunter, and his eagerness for the fray, Zick muttered to himself, 'I can see as far into a millstone as him as made a hole in it, and the governor's about the oldest 'coon ever I tasted.'

Jeremiah Shingle, or, as upon the present occasion he was more appropriately called, Jeremiah, being desirous that the Indian scout should not discover the road he was taking, led his band along the outhouses, amongst which he leaped from the back window of the burning log, rightly judging that the Waccos would think them employed in endeavoring to get the flames under. Having cleared the premises, the old man entered a wood-path, leading direct to the creek, which was to be mounted a short distance by means of a huge flat, and only abandoned when the water becomes too shallow for navigation. Leaving this party, we must follow the fortunes of Captain Zick, who, heading his men, marched across the open prairie, keeping away from every grove and timber, lest an Indian might be lurking about to pick off the unwary.—A beaten track—now the road from Virginia to Houston—served as a guide, and after half an hour's sharp walking, the party were assembled within rifle, or even musket shot of the rude pine-log bridge, which, on the morning above described, I had crossed with so much difficulty. A halt was now determined on, and a council held, at which various opinions were hazarded.—After a brief consultation, it was decided to be madness to attempt scaling this in face of an enemy, though all felt if that could once be mastered, a position would be obtained, from which the village could be completely commanded—At length after a few moments' thought, Zick spoke.

'Well, I wish I may be shot, but it's agin natur for me to back out. It is, you may depend, a considerable of a touch-and-go sort of business, but you all keep a sharp look-out, and I'll sarcumvent the varmint. Mind your shoot every inch of red skin you catch sight of, and you'll give them too much work, you may depend, for them to mind me.'

Accordingly, having seen his followers ensconced in the most favorable position possible, on the extreme verge of the wood, Captain Zekiel Shingle cocked his rifle, keeping his eye on the opposite side of the stream, advanced from out of the cover. Zick had calculated his distance to a nicety; he knew perfectly well that where he stood not one of the inferior guns of the Waccos could reach him. He stood, therefore, still scanning the border of the creek with a careless eye. The manoeuvre succeeded after a short pause, during which Zick advanced not an inch, but feigned rather to retreat, some twenty dusky forms leaped on high, and a rapid but useless discharge of fire-arms took place. Seven cracks of the western rifle were heard ere the last Indian had fired, and that one told fatally was plain, for with a wild yell a Wacco warrior fell forward, and plunged headlong into the waters of the fall. During this time Zick had rushed forward, and was lying down behind a thick bush, within ten yards of the bridge.

'He's a mighty mettlesome chap, I conclude,' said Stevens, 'though so be he's considerable of a bully, and I shouldn't just cipher them Ingians making a hole in him. By Jacquers, there's Leaping Panther—I saw his phiz for half a second; and he's seed Zick, you may depend. Our boss had better keep a smart cover.'

'Darn my ould father,' said another, 'but there's a shootin-iron a peepin' through thim bushes. They'll shoot Zick, you may depend, and we'll be pretty considerable streaked. Your rifle, Steve, 's about the best goin'; try your luck.'

Stevens, while the other was speaking, had been putting a new cap on his rifle, cleaning the nipple, pricking the touch-hole, and using other precautions to ensure a steady and sure shot; this done, he levelled his gun, after shouting to Zick to keep 'almighty close.' The log behind which the 'boss,' as a chief in anything is often called by Brother Johnathan, was lying, barely sufficient to keep him covered. In no way in which he could lie was it possible for him to reduce his huge bulk into any thing like the proper compass; in one place his knee, and in another his chin, were slightly visible to the Indians.—Zick having turned nearly on his back to be able to catch a glimpse of his companions, when Stevens cried to him, he attempted to squeeze himself still more flat, and then lay awaiting patiently the result. Meantime, a gun had several times been pointed at him by one of the Indians, but it was evident that, without advancing out of cover, no fair shot could be had; the gun was therefore withdrawn, though Stevens could not but be sure that other efforts would be made. Directing his companions to send a volley among the bushes which concealed Indians, he reserved his fire. Quick as lightning a warrior rushed forward to the pine-log bridge, stood upon its extreme verge, and took steady aim at the unconscious Zick. At twenty paces, the Indian musket was certain death. Stevens watched him with intense interest; he allowed him to take aim, and sure of his copper bullet, commonly used among the Mexicans, fired just as the Indian was about to draw the trigger; the aim was perfect, the pan was shivered, the musket flew from its owner's hands, and he, loosing his ballance, slided the pine-log on which he contrived to keep, without falling into chasm below. In an instant he was beside Zick, who, with a huge bowie knife in his hand, sprang to his feet, and closed with his antagonist. The Indian was well known to the borderer as both strong and brave; his tomahawk, his only weapon, was not thrown, but firmly grasped. When near enough to render aim from either party dangerous to both, and therefore useless, they paused to look one upon the other; it was for an instant, when they rushed forward, the Indian aiming a blow with huge tomahawk, Zick with his long knife; both failed, each succeeding in catching the other's wrist. A fierce struggle for mastery now took place, Zick striving, while he still kept possession of his antagonist's right arm, to loosen his own, and put an end to the contest by means of his dagger. The exertions of both were terrific, both being almost equally matched as to mere physical strength; Zick was the taller of the two, but this availed him little, his adversary, having a rare suppleness and vigor, besides the experience of many war paths. Zick's face was to his friends, behind him was the log, close to which the contest was taking place. The Indian appeared earnestly to push him towards this, in the hope of tripping him, and while seeming to throw his whole energy into the efforts to disengaged his tomahawk. Zick knew the unerring aim of many of his friends, Stevens in particular, as well as their experience, and with a rapidity of thought which is only gained by acting in such scenes he saw that, with the tomahawk in his enemy's hand, and his own bowie knife useless, that death was facing him; the instant, therefore, that the Indian had his tomahawk free, and raised it with the warwhoop of victory to brain his victim, he flung himself back on the ground, dexterously ensconcing himself in his old cover; the effort disengaged his hand, but he had no time to profit by the advantage, as his adversary stood over him with his huge and heavy weapon. The cracks of the western rifle satisfied Zick that he had not miscalculated upon his friends, and the Indian fell dead, one piercing his back, the second his head, and a third his uplifted arm.

Several volleys from the rear of the Indian village proved that the contest was hotly carried on in that direction, though the sharp ears of the borderers satisfied them that no advantage in position had been as yet gained, while the rapid firing of muskets made it evident that the Indians had more chance of shooting with effect in that quarter. Presently, Stevens detected the absence of a rifle among them, eight instead of nine followed in rapid succession. An ominous and meaning glance, and a firm and savage grasping of their knives, revealed the feeling which the supposed decrease in their numbers excited in the whites. Still no opportunity appeared for giving vent to their feelings; in that direction not an Indian showed himself. Meanwhile, Zick was not idle. Drawing himself along the ground, and dragging his rifle after him, he advanced still nearer to the foot of the bridge, and at last gained the cover of a bush, whence he could securely take aim at any who showed themselves on the opposite side. Stevens and his friends immediately rushed forward, as if for a charge, and actually advanced to within Indian musket shot. Twenty warriors rose and took aim, the first of whom Zick laid low. Astonished at the nearer proximity of their huge enemy, the Waccos concealed themselves without firing; Zick having evidently changed the *locale* of his concealment without being discovered.—Stevens took advantage of this, and while his comrades fired a volley, rushed forward and ensconced himself beside young Shingle.

'Well, that was considerable smart,' exclaimed Zick, 'and I reckon we'll make them feel ugly in tu tus.' He then proceeded to unfold to his companion a notion, which Stevens approving of, it was determined immediately to execute. Tightening his belt, Zick quitted his friend, who immediately commenced his portion of task, which consisted in keeping up what he called an everlasting smoke, and blazing away at every conceivable point where an Indian could be imagined to lie. Meantime Zick crept through the bush to the edge of the upper portion of the fall, over the very verge of which was the bridge. Here he was perfectly out of the sight of any but those who should venture to rise above the bushes, a course of proceeding very unlikely while Stevens kept his position. The water of the stream was not over his knees, and he crossed triumphantly, to the great admiration of his friends in the wood, whom he had caused completely to forget his faults by the gallantry of his conduct in the fight. Having gained the desired spot, he was twelve feet below the Indians, between whom and him was an almost impenetrable thicket of dry bushes, reeds and brush, growing out of the almost perpendicular back.—Depositing his rifle securely, Zick took out his tobacco pouch, took therefrom a flint and steel, and sat himself down. Within reach were ample materials for lighting a fire;—wood as dry as tinder, and Spanish moss in abundance. The noise of the waterfall, as well as Stevens' rifle, completely drowned any slight noise he made, and in three minutes after his crowing over, the whole was in a blaze. A dense column of smoke rose, stifling the Indians, and driving them to their stockade. The success of Zick's effort was thus far complete. A loud shout from his companions proclaimed their sense of Shingle's dexterity and cunning; the whole party, under cover of the smoke, then joined him.

It was now decided to scale the bank, where it was open and clear, while two should again take up Stevens' place, to keep the Indians at bay. No sooner decided than done. Shingle, brandishing his rifle and the Indian tomahawk, led the way. In five minutes they were at the top of the bank. The first welcome which met their ears was the loud cry of their comrades under old Shingle. The Indian village was as empty of Indians as at the period of my visit. Old Shingle had lost one man, as had been suspected, while many were wounded. After ten minutes pause, the trail of the Waccos was followed, and found to lead to a thicket, about half a mile distant. Pursuit was decided on, for, although the sun was down, the moon was yet in the heavens for an hour or so, and all determined not to end here. The parties, now equal, were divided as before, though no effort at concealment was made. Capt. Zick advanced to the left, Old Shingle to the right; the former took up a position not more than forty yards from the grove of live oak, which concealed the Indians, concealing himself behind a group of nopals. A rapid fire now opened on all sides, the Waccos, each man behind a tree, poured forth volley after volley, while both the parties of white men were equally active. Half an hour passed in this way, when Zick communicated with his father, and the charge was agreed on; the signal was the cry of the catamount, or prairie wolves. A pause, unbroken by the report of a rifle, ensued. Presently, at the first cry of the [illegible], every white man rose, exposing his person for a second to the Indians; a discharge from every musket, gave token of Zick's success; and so quick were the motions, that not a man was wounded. Without the slightest pause, every man rushed forward, trailing his rifle, and with his knife loosed in the sheath. On the verge of the wood the Indians met them.

Leaping Panther and Zick were in an instant hand to hand; Zick dropped his rifle, which he had discharged without effect, and rushed on his rival with his tomahawk. A shower of blows were rained by one and the other for some time, without leading to any consequence; at length Zick wounded the young chief in the left shoulder, but the tomahawk got entangled in the long hair of the Indian—the Waccos do not shave unless when going on a regular war path—and ere he could free it, Leaping Panther had brained his adversary, and in two minutes more, the scalp of Ezekiel Shingle was hanging at the belt of his inveterate foe. Leaping Panther turned to view the scene. Thirty white men were contending with an equal number of Indians, twelve of whom lay dead on the field, while Zick was the only offset. The young chief saw that to continue the struggle was to ensure the destruction of his tribe. Next instant the angry growl of a panther was heard, and ere the Whites could clearly make out whence it came, every red skin had disappeared in the woods.

'An almighty lucky arrival that of yours, Capt. Ogilvy,' said Stevens, 'if it had'nt a been for you we were looking mighty ugly, that's a fact. Them Ingians are considerable smart with the tomahawk, and do wipe you up considerable hard. Poor Zick! he's looking pretty streaked.'

'Aye! aye!' replied Capt. Ogilvy, who, with fifteen men, had come up in time to join the last struggle; 'you were all so eternally in a hurry; but you'd a licked them Wackers a plagy sight quicker, and Zick 'ud a saved his bacon, if you had'nt a been so pretty prime superfine hot. Old Shingle oughtn't a done it, and I take it under hand he could give a feller a right up and down chance of a skrimmage; but it's no use talking a long lockrum; young Shingle's dead, and the old one aint just quite alive, so I won't put his dander up.'

However rude and wild may be man's position, it is rare, indeed, that the better feelings are quite extinguished. Old Shingle appeared heart broken, at the death of his only son, and though still alive when I visited Texas, he had never been known to smile from that day.—Whenever an opportunity occurred of engaging with the copper-colored denizens of the wilds, old Shingle was the first to volunteer, and as long as he lives the peace patched up with the Waccos will be hollow. They know this, and, until his death, will doubtless never revisit their old settlement, but afford to many future travellers an opportunity of beholding the DESERTED VILLAGE.

STEALING WOMAN'S SHIRTS. The papers have picked up a right good story about an ingenious Parish rogue, who outwitted a woman. It runs thus:

An individual, well dressed, presented himself at the shop of a female who sold ready made linen in one of the retired parts of Paris, and observed to her that she appeared to keep a large assortment of gentlemen's shirts. 'Oh yes, she had them of all descriptions in the shop, very cheap.' 'Pray, madam,' said he, 'have you any garments of a similar description, and superior quality, for ladies? I am about to be married, and wish to make my intended wife a present of three dozen.' 'Certainly, certainly, sir, I have some which will suit you, and [illegible] three parcels, each containing a dozen, were exhibited on the counter. One was opened, and the stranger examined it with much attention. At last he said, 'I am afraid these are too short;' then seemed lost for a moment in thought, on the difficulty which presented itself to his mind of ascertaining the precise size wanted, an idea seemed to strike him. 'Madam,' he said, 'you are about the height and size of the lady I shall shortly marry; would it be asking too much of you to draw one of these over your dress?' 'Not at all; I'll do it with a good deal of pleasure.' In a minute the good woman appeared in the body of the shop, completely enveloped in one.

The stranger looked at her, walked round her and stooped, apparently to draw down the garment behind her to its full length, in doing which he very adroitly fastened her clothes to it with a pin. She, supposing his examination finished attempted to take it off again, when, to her astonishment, she found her clothes rose up with it. At this moment the fellow grasped the parcels, and made off with them. The poor woman hesitated to follow—made another attempt to divest herself of the superfluous garment, but failing to do so, ran after him. So much time, however, was lost, and so many boys collected about her at the novel appearance she presented, that she was compelled to return to the shop and put up with the loss.

☞ Within eight years, Englishmen have lent £50,000,000 to foreign states, on £30,000,000 of which it is not expected that either principal or interest will be paid, and on £20,000,000 more the payment is precarious.